

No. 5

FALL ISSUE

HEADLINE COMICS

10c

FOR THE AMERICAN BOY



EXTRA! JR. RANGERS
INVADE ITALY!

INTERRAVE



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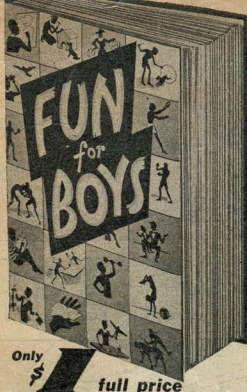
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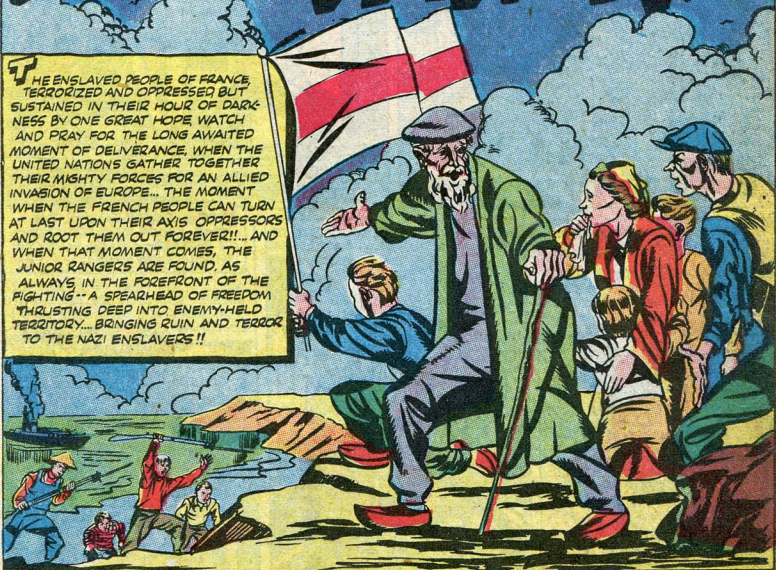
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Junior RANGERS

THE ENSLAVED PEOPLE OF FRANCE, TERRORIZED AND OPPRESSED BUT SUSTAINED IN THEIR HOUR OF DARKNESS BY ONE GREAT HOPE, WATCH AND PRAY FOR THE LONG AWAITED MOMENT OF DELIVERANCE, WHEN THE UNITED NATIONS GATHER TOGETHER THEIR MIGHTY FORCES FOR AN ALLIED INVASION OF EUROPE... THE MOMENT WHEN THE FRENCH PEOPLE CAN TURN AT LAST UPON THEIR AXIS OPPRESSORS AND ROOT THEM OUT FOREVER!!... AND WHEN THAT MOMENT COMES, THE JUNIOR RANGERS ARE FOUND, AS ALWAYS, IN THE FOREFRONT OF THE FIGHTING--A SPEARHEAD OF FREEDOM THRUSTING DEEP INTO ENEMY-HELD TERRITORY... BRINGING RUIN AND TERROR TO THE NAZI ENSLAVERS!!



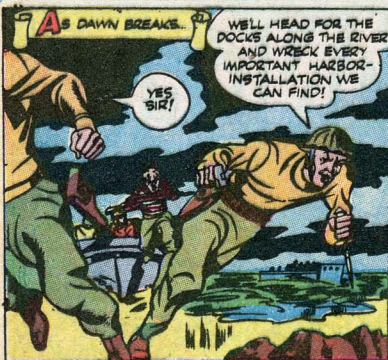
IN THE NIGHT, A FLOTILLA OF COMMANDO BARGES SLIPS STEALTHILY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TOWARDS THE COAST OF NAZI-HELD FRANCE...



ON THE FOREMOST BARGE, THE JUNIOR RANGERS RECEIVE LAST-MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS FROM A COMMANDO OFFICER....

WE'RE LANDING IN TWO GROUPS, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF THE RIVER! OUR GROUP IS LANDING ON THE WEST BANK





....AND BATS THE GRENADE, WITH ITS THREE-SECOND TIME FUSE BACK ONTO THE NAZIS!



THIS WHAT AMERICAN BOY CALL HOME-RUN!

I WAS PINCH-HITTER ON MY MILITARY ACADEMY BASEBALL TEAM BACK IN THE GOOD OLD U.S.A.!

THEY REJOIN THE COMMANDOS AND REACH THE RIVER...



WELL DONE, BOYS! BUT HOW DID YOU YOUNGSTERS EVER GET TO BE ON A COMMANDO RAID?!

JERRY SWIMS' FATHER IS COLONEL SIMMS OF THE U.S. ARMY! HE ARRANGED IT FOR US!

HERE'S THE WATERFRONT, MEN! SPREAD OUT AND GET TO WORK!

A MOMENT LATER, A NAZI SENTRY IS STRANGLERED FROM BEHIND...



A GASOLINE DUMP GOES UP IN FLAMES!



HURRY, CHIN LEE, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

NAZI INSECTS LIKE JAPANESE RATS--LITTLE FIRE SMOKE THEM OUT QUICK!

...A DRY DOCK IS WRECKED...



LOOKA DAT DRY DOCK GO! BOY, I NEVER HAD FUN LIKE THIS BACK ON TENTH AVENUE IN GOOD OL' NOO YORK!

A MUNITIONS DUMP BLOWN UP AS THE COMMANDOS SPREAD RUIN AND DEVASTATION ALONG THE WATER FRONT!!



MEANWHILE, AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS...



COMMANDO RAID ON THE WATERFRONT! TURN OUT THE ENTIRE GARRISON, AND SEND IN A RUSH CALL FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

YA, HERR MAJOR!

AT THE WATERFRONT, AS THE NAZI ALARM IS SPREAD...

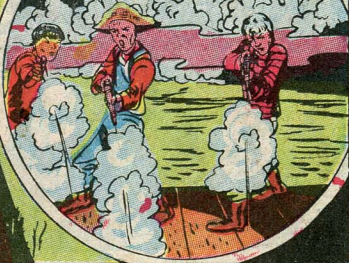
LOOK AT THAT EXPLOSION ON THE EAST BANK, ROGER! OUR COMMANDO GROUP ACROSS THE RIVER SEEMS TO BE DOING ALL RIGHT

HEY, LOOKIT, TH' NAZIS!

ON THE DOUBLE, MEN!

LET 'EM HAVE IT FELLOWS! **OPEN FIRE!**

BOY, DIS IS WHERE TH' FUN REALLY BEGINS!



THE NAZIS RUSH TO THE ATTACK...

FORWARD, MEN! KILL THE BRITISH PIGS!

THE RANGERS RUSH IN TO MEET THEM...

DON'T GO CALLIN' PEOPLE NAMES, NAZI PIG!

...FIERCE HAND-TO-HAND FIGHTING SPREADS THROUGH THE WATERFRONT STREETS...!

DIE, DOG OF AN AMER.. UGGH!

AFTER YOU MY DEAR FRITZ!!



THE REMAINDER OF THE NAZI GARRISON ARRIVES...

WATCH OUT! A SUB-MACHINE GUN!

GOT YOU NOW, VERDAMMTE SCHWEIN!

AMERICAN PROVERB SAY: WASTE MAKE WASTE, MR NAZI!

NICE GOIN', CHIN LEE!



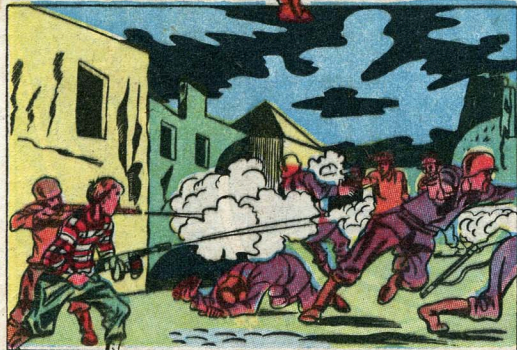
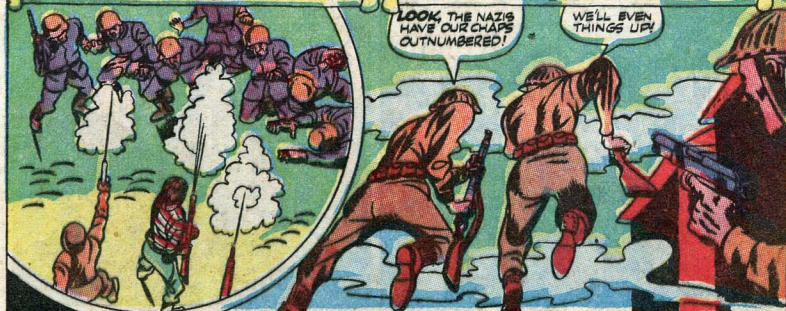
SMOKEY USES THE SUB-MACHINE GUN TO GOOD EFFECT, BUT THE OUTNUMBERED RANGERS ARE FORCED TO FALL BACK...



THE REST OF THE COMMANDOS ARRIVE FROM THEIR POSTS OF DESTRUCTION ALONG THE RIVER...

LOOK, THE NAZI HAVE OUR CHAPS OUTNUMBERED!

WE'LL EVEN THING UP!



HIMMEL!
WE ARE SURROUNDED!

KAMERAD!



THE ENTIRE NAZI GARRISON IS CAPTURED OR WIPED OUT, SIR!

GOOD! THEN WE'VE GAINED POSSESSION OF THIS SIDE OF THE RIVER!

BUT THE COMMANDOS ACROSS THE RIVER...

LOOK, ROGER, ONE OF OUR MEN!

HE MUST HAVE SWUM ACROSS FROM THE EAST BANK!

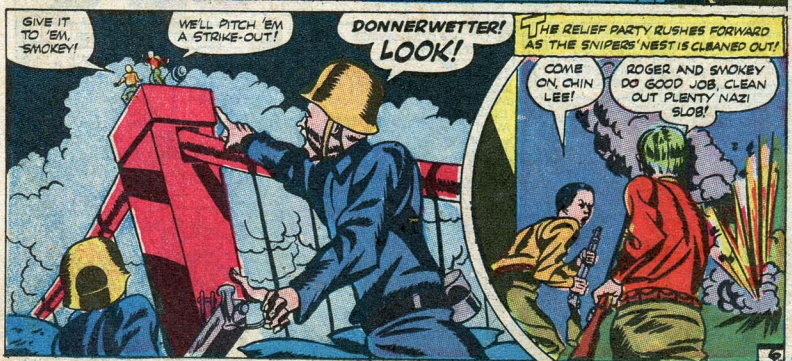
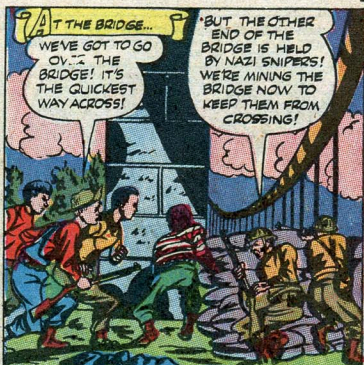


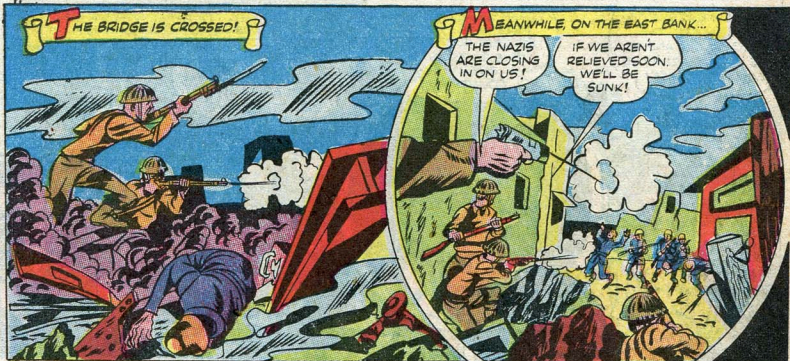
...HAVE NOT FARED SO WELL...

FIGHT GOING AGAINST US, SIR! OUR MEN ACROSS THE RIVER ARE ENCIRCLED AND OUTNUMBERED!

WE'LL SEND A RELIEF PARTY AT ONCE TO CLEAR THE WAY AND BRING THEM BACK HERE ACROSS THE BRIDGE!







NAZI REINFORCEMENTS
HAVE REACHED THE
SEACOAST, SIR! AND WE
ARE CUT OFF FROM OUR
LANDING BARGES!

THEN WE ARE **TRAPPED**
HERE! WE'LL HAVE TO
RETREAT FURTHER UP
THE RIVER INTO
ENEMY COUNTRY!

**DOWNSTREAM, THE NEWLY-ARRIVED NAZI
REINFORCEMENTS BOARD RIVER-BOATS...**

WE'LL GO UP THE
RIVER AND CUT OFF
THE COMMANDO SWINE
FROM ABOVE THE
BRIDGE! HURRY!

YA,
HERR
OBER!



NAZIS ON
THE BRIDGE
SIR!

THE MINES ARE
CONNECTED! BLOW
UP THE BRIDGE!

**A LUCKY SHOT FROM A NAZI BOAT
SHATTERS THE DYNAMITE GENERATOR!!**



ROGER SEIZES THE MINE WIRES

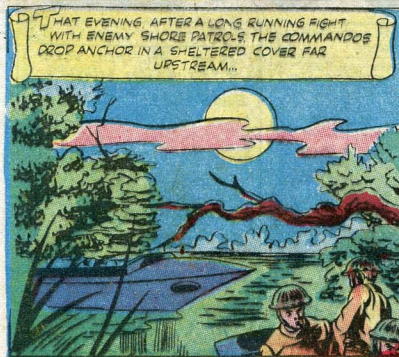
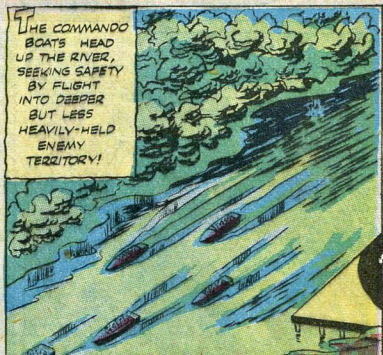
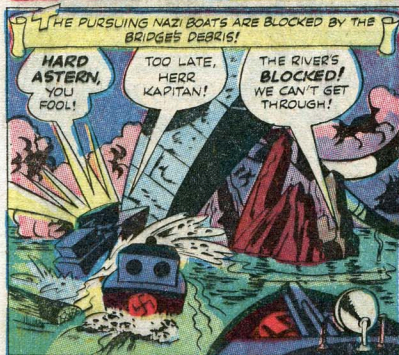
START
THE MOTOR,
SWOKEY!

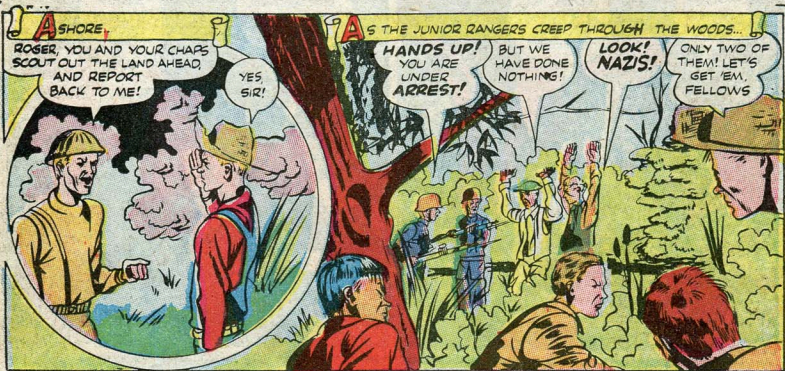
I'LL HAVE HER
GOIN' IN A JIFFY,
ROGER!

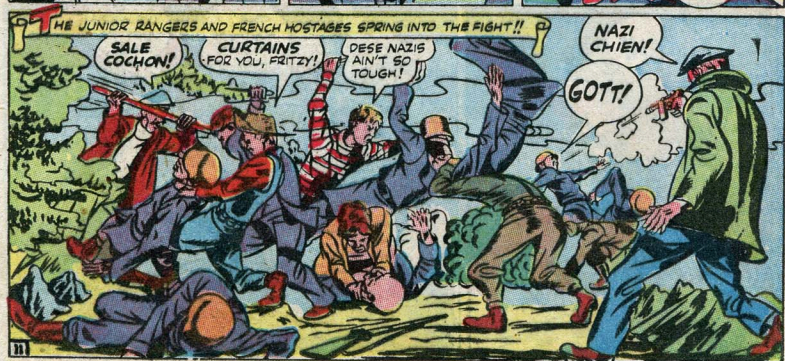
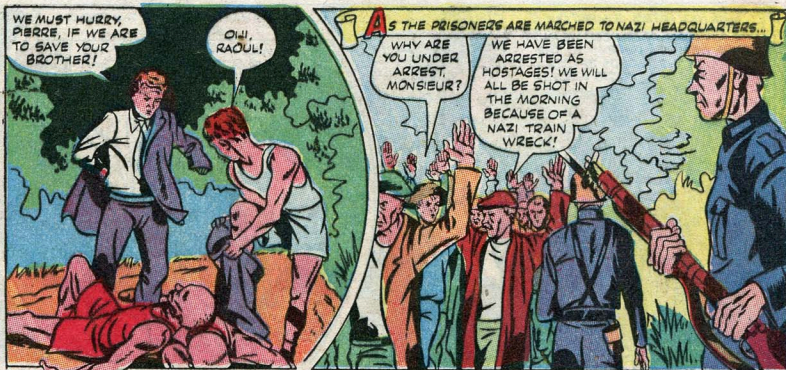


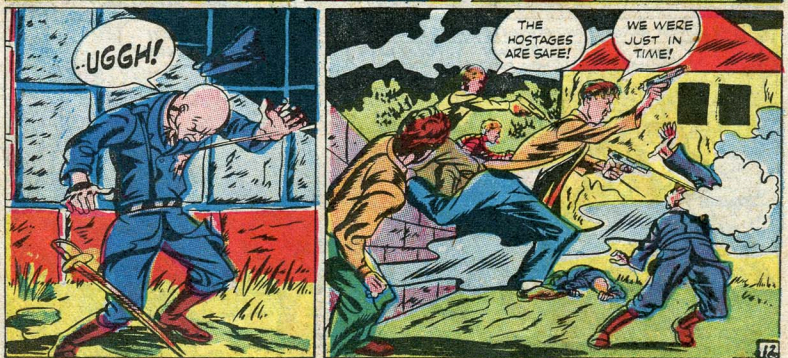
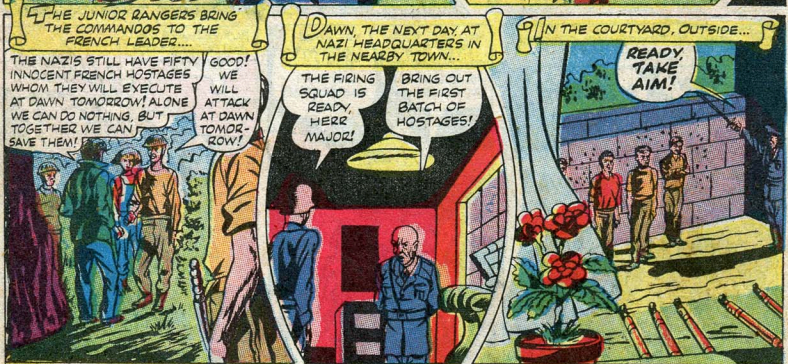
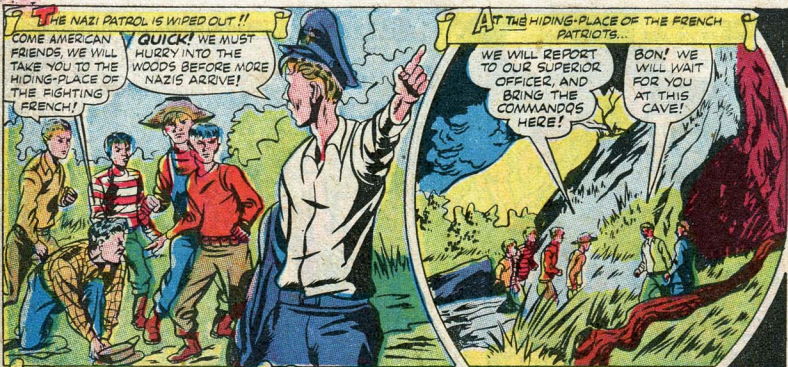
AND CONNECTS THEM TO THE TRUCK'S HIGH-VOLTAGE
SPARK COIL...

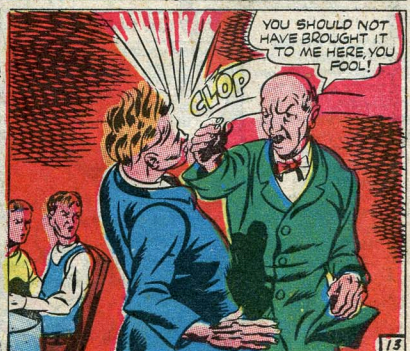
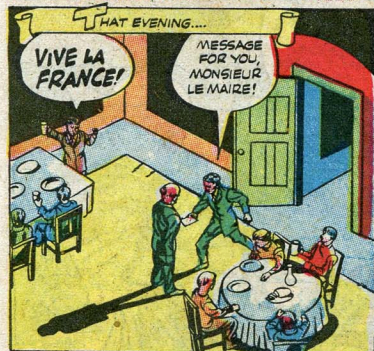
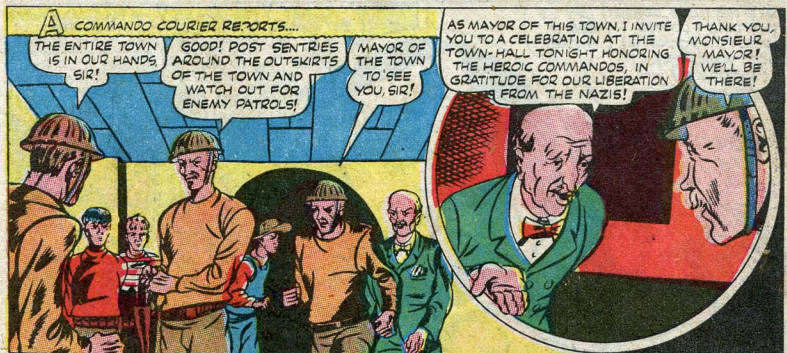


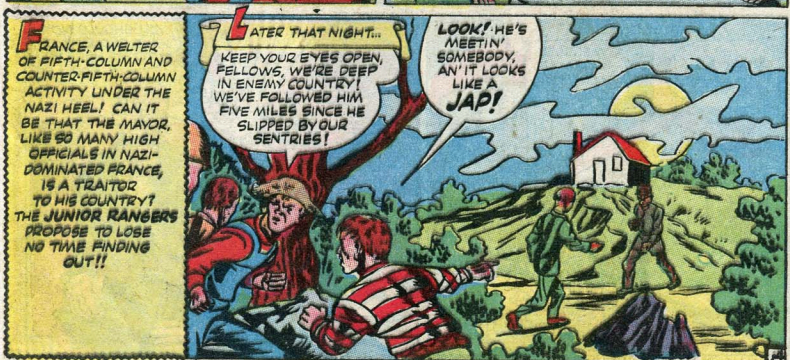


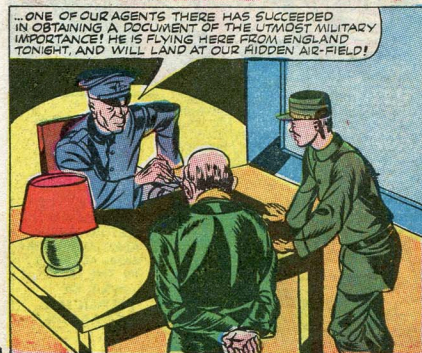








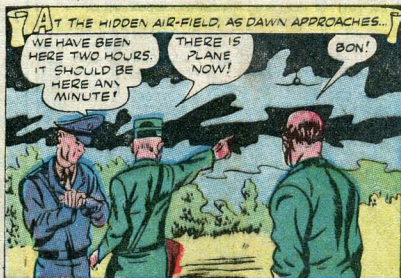






LOOK CHIN
GO AWAY WITH
IT! DAT NAZI
COLONEL IS
TAKIN HIM
SOMEWHERE!

KEEP BEHIND
THEM FELLOWS
BUT DON'T LET
'EM SEE YOU!

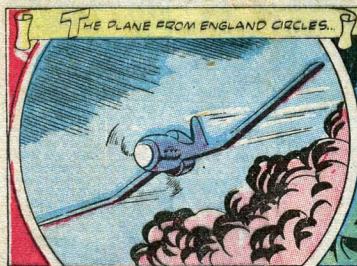


AT THE HIDDEN AIR-FIELD, AS DAWN APPROACHES...

WE HAVE BEEN
HERE TWO HOURS.
IT SHOULD BE
HERE ANY
MINUTE!

THERE IS
PLANE
NOW!

BON!



THE PLANE FROM ENGLAND CIRCLES...

AND LANDS!

WELL DONE X-22!
THE FUHRER
HIMSELF WILL
REWARD YOU!

HERE ARE THE
DOCUMENTS
COLONEL VON
SCHROEDER!

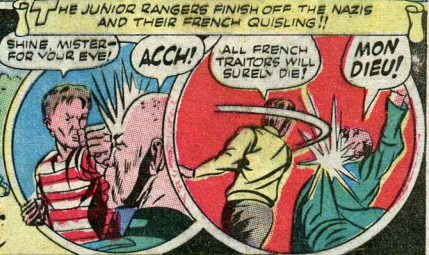


I TAKE
DOCUMENTS
PLEASE!

WHAT
THE-!!

SAVE SOME O
THE FUN FOR
US CHIN
LEES!

SACRE
BLEU!



THE JUNIOR RANGERS FINISH OFF THE NAZI
AND THEIR FRENCH QUISLING!!

SHINE, MISTER-
FOR YOUR EYE!

ACCH!

ALL FRENCH
TRAITORS WILL
SURELY DIE!

MON
DIEU!



THEY SLIP BACK INTO THE WOODS.

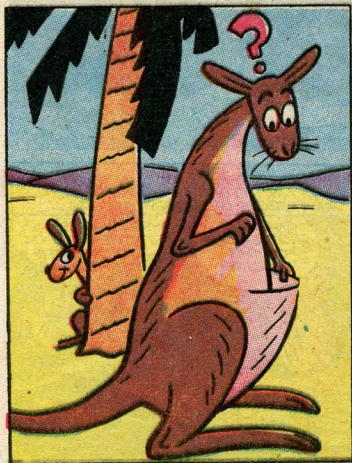
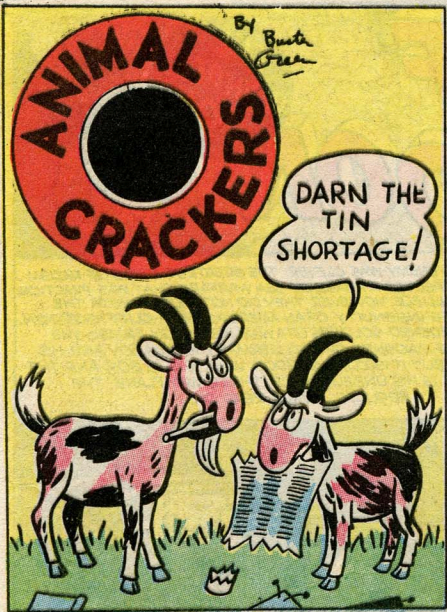
HURRY FELL-WE, WE
HAVE TO TURN THESE
DOCUMENTS OVER TO
OUR COMMANDING
OFFICER!

WE'RE
RIGHT
WITH
YOU
ROGER!

THESE PLANS CONTAIN COMPLETE DETAILS
OF AN IMPENDING FULL-SCALE ALLIED
INVASION OF FRANCE! AND IF THEY HAD FALLEN
INTO NAZI HANDS, IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DISAS-
TROUS! SPLENDID WORK BOYS!
CHIN LEE YOU HAVE DONE AN
INVALUABLE SERVICE
TO MY COUNTRY!

SERVICE
TO YOUR
COUNTRY
SERVICE
TO CHINA
TOO!

THE LIBERATED
FRENCH TOWN,
AN ISLAND OF
FREEDOM IN
A SEA OF
NAZI SLAVERY!!
THE JUNIOR
RANGERS
RETURN WITH
ANOTHER SLAM
BANG ADVENTURE
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
HEADLINE
COMICS!

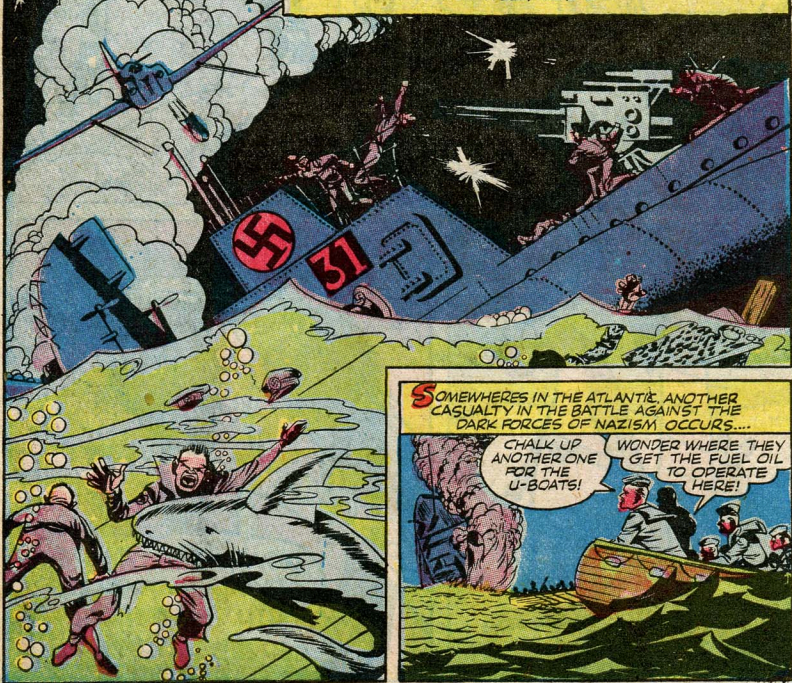


CLIFF GORDON

THE
WONDER
BOY!



THE ENEMY WAS CLEVER. THE GREATEST MINDS OF NAZISM PERFECTED A PHASE OF SEA WARFARE THAT WAS PRACTICALLY INFALLIBLE. HOWEVER, THEY DID NOT RECKON WITH THE YANKEE INGENUITY OF AN AMERICAN BOY---CLIFF GORDON. THE HARDENED SOLDIERS OF A WARLIKE NATION, DRIVING THE LATEST MACHINES OF NAZI GERMANY, MEET A BOY AND HIS PLANE. BUT IT IS CLIFF GORDON, WHO IS THE BOY, AND THE PLANE IS HIS UNBELIEVABLE THREE WAY PLANE. THE RESULTS... WELL, READ ON!

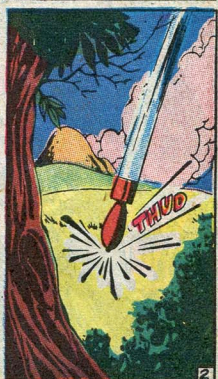
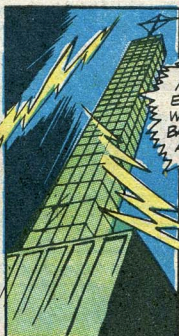


SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC, ANOTHER CASUALTY IN THE BATTLE AGAINST THE DARK FORCES OF NAZISM OCCURS....

CHALK UP ANOTHER ONE FOR THE U-BOATS!

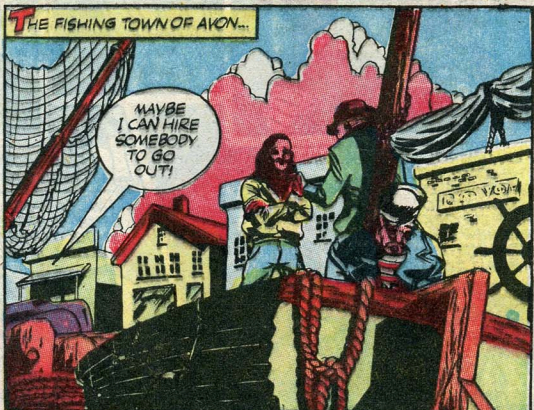
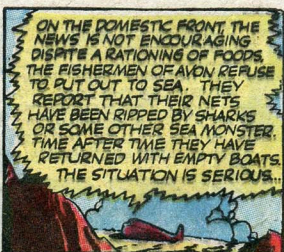
WONDER WHERE THEY GET THE FUEL OIL TO OPERATE HERE!

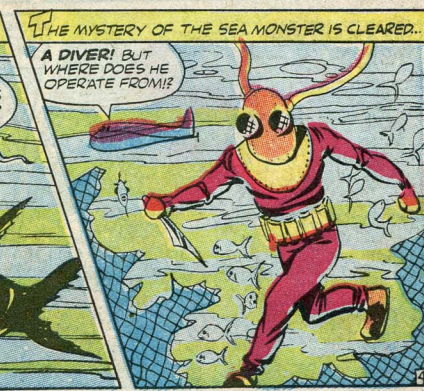
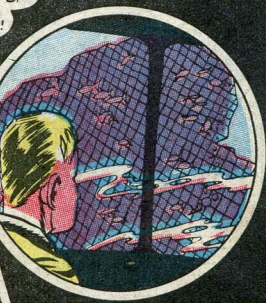
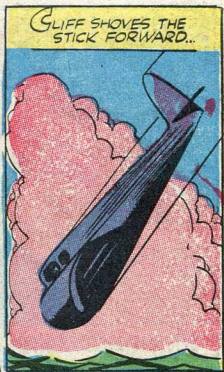
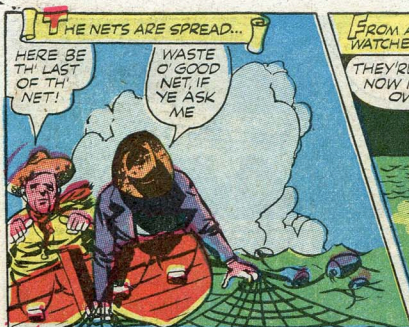


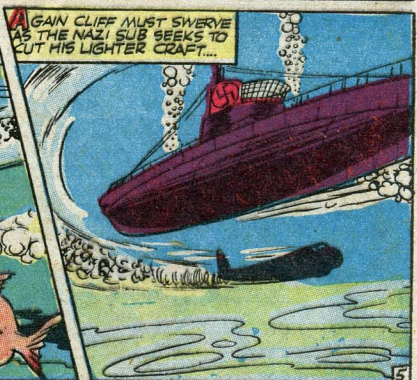
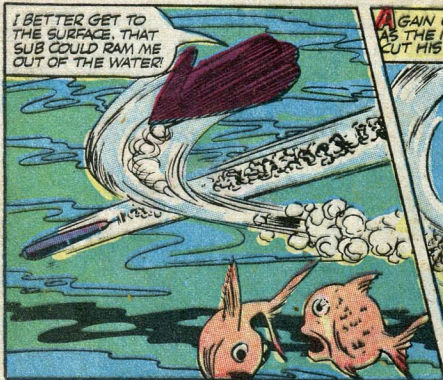
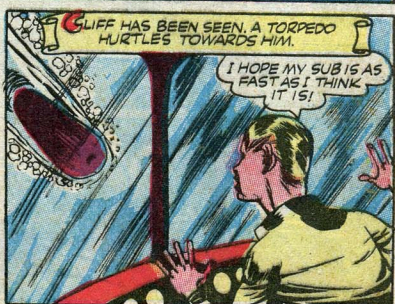
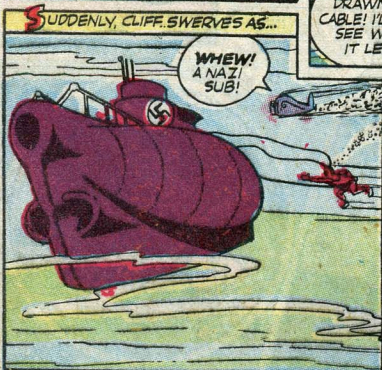




THAT DOESN'T SOUND RIGHT FATHER. I'M GOING TO RUN OUT TO AVON. MAYBE I'LL GET A LOOK AT THOSE MONSTERS!









YET THE OFFICER
WAS RIGHT CLIFF
HAS TAKEN TO
THE AIR...

THERE MUST BE
A WHOLE NEST
OF NAZI SUBS
HERE!

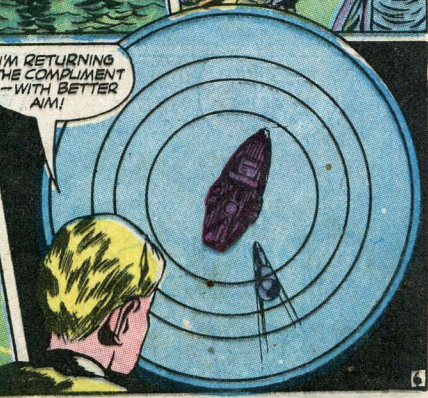
AS CLIFF PREPARES TO RELEASE A
BOMB, HE FAILS TO SEE THE
PREPARATIONS ABOARD A FISHING BOAT.

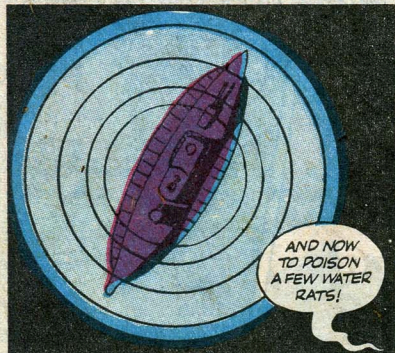
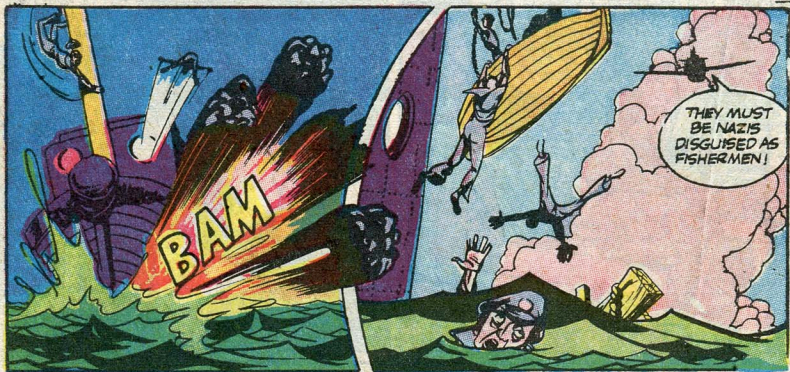
UNCOVER THE
GUN! BLAST
HIM OUT OF
THE SKY!

A SINISTER PUFF OF SMOKE
EXPLODES IN CLIFF'S PATH...

ANTI-AIRCRAFT
FIRE FROM THE
FISHING BOAT!
I MUST STOP
THAT FIRST!

I'M RETURNING
THE COMPLIMENT
— WITH BETTER
AIM!





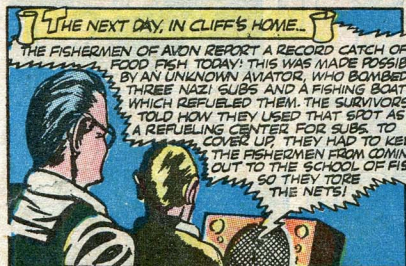


CALLING ALL FISHERMEN IN AVON! COME OUT AND GET A LOAD OF SCRAP IRON. IT WILL PAY YOU FOR YOUR TORN NETS!



THE FISHERMEN OF AVON COLLECT THE JUNK...

I SET OUT AFTER SOME SEA MONSTERS, AND I GUESS I GOT THE WORSE ONES IN THE SEA!



THE NEXT DAY, IN CLIFF'S HOME...

THE FISHERMEN OF AVON REPORT A RECORD CATCH OF FOOD FISH TODAY! THIS WAS MADE POSSIBLE BY AN UNKNOWN AVIATOR, WHO BOMBED THREE NAZI SUBS AND A FISHING BOAT WHICH REFUELED THEM. THE SURVIVORS TOLD HOW THEY USED THAT SPOT AS A REFUELING CENTER FOR SUBS. TO COVER UP, THEY HAD TO KEEP THE FISHERMEN FROM COMING OUT TO THE SCHOOL OF FISH SO THEY TORE THE NETS!



SO YOU GOT YOUR SUB ANYWAYS. CLIFF, I'M PROUD OF YOU!

THIS IS JUST A BEGINNING, FATHER! I'VE GOT SOME REAL IDEAS!

SCOOP!



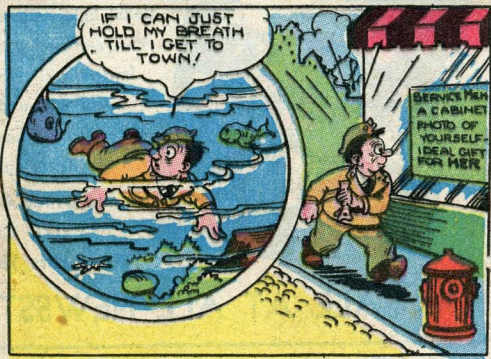
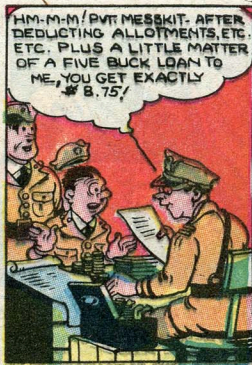
YANK AND DOODLE JOIN FORCES WITH BLACK OWL TO COMBAT CRIME!

United in a terrific trio of spectacular strength and wily wits . . . Yank and Doodle, America's sensational fighting twins . . . and the battling Black Owl, ace warrior in the ruthless campaign to crush lawlessness! Are three a crowd? Ask the underworld—when this thrilling threesome crowds crimedom against the wall and whales the daylight out of wailing night-raiders!

Don't Miss This and Other Action-Packed Adventures in PRIZE COMICS!

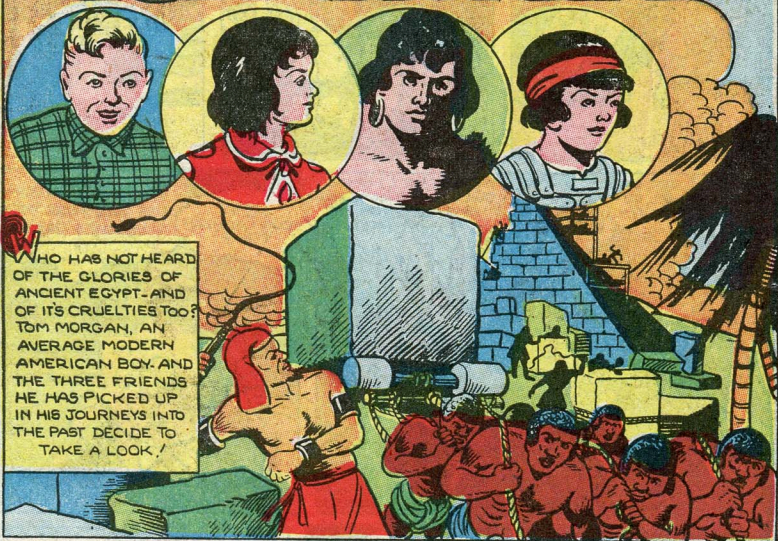
Every Story Hits The Jackpot!

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS NOW!!





TOM MORGAN



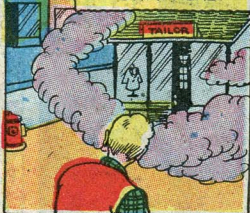
WHO HAS NOT HEARD OF THE GLORIES OF ANCIENT EGYPT-AND OF ITS CRUELITIES TOO? TOM MORGAN, AN AVERAGE MODERN AMERICAN BOY, AND THE THREE FRIENDS HE HAS PICKED UP IN HIS JOURNEYS INTO THE PAST DECIDE TO TAKE A LOOK.!

THAT EGYPTIAN ROOM, IS SWELL! THANKS FOR SHOWING ME 'ROUND, MR. JACKSON!



BEING SO INTERESTED IN HISTORY TOM HAS MADE FRIENDS WITH A MUSEUM ATTENDANT

TOM GOES TO THE MYSTERIOUS TAILOR'S SHOP, AT THE BACK OF WHICH IS THE DOOR TO THE PAST - AND HIS ADVENTURES START HERE!



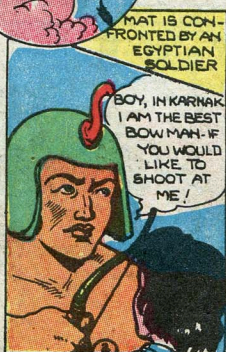
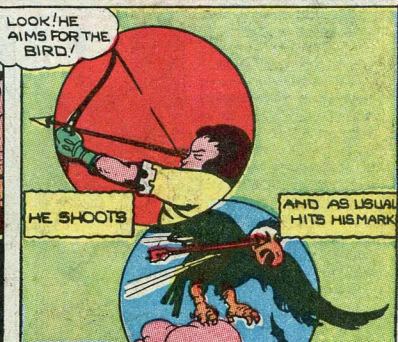
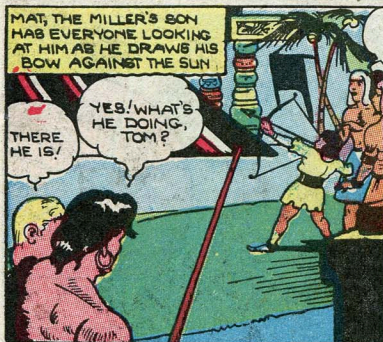
TOM IS AMAZED TO FIND HIS FRIEND DAK FROM THE STONE AGE TALKING TO THE OLD TAILOR

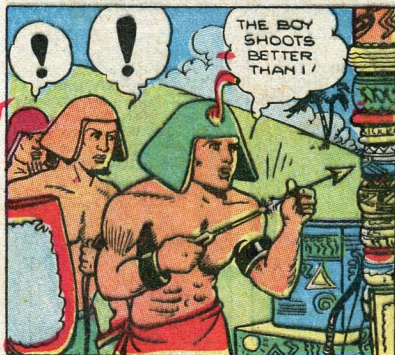
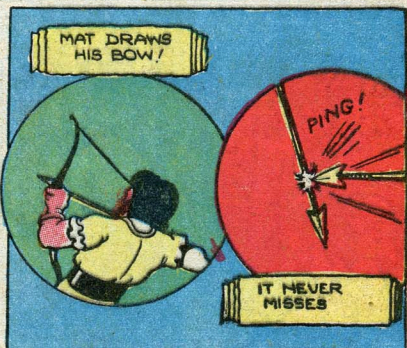
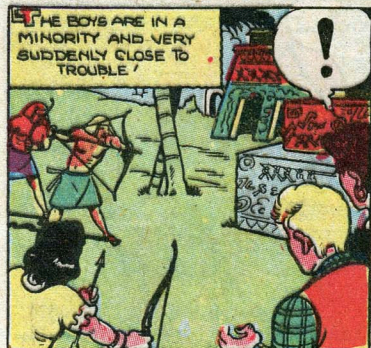
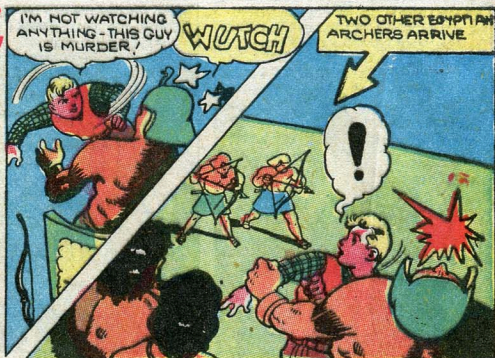
COME RIGHT IN, TOM- WE WERE TALKING ABOUT YOU!

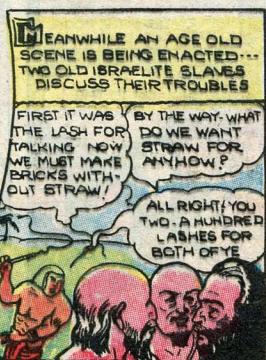
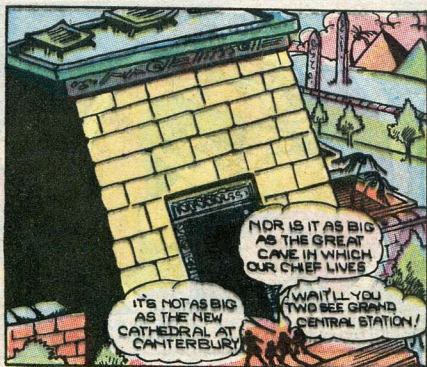
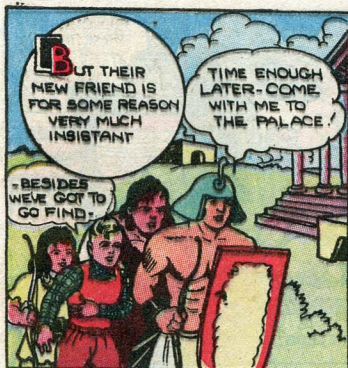


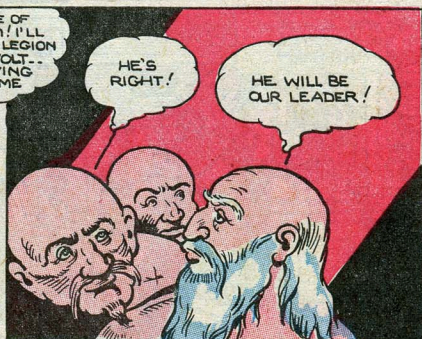
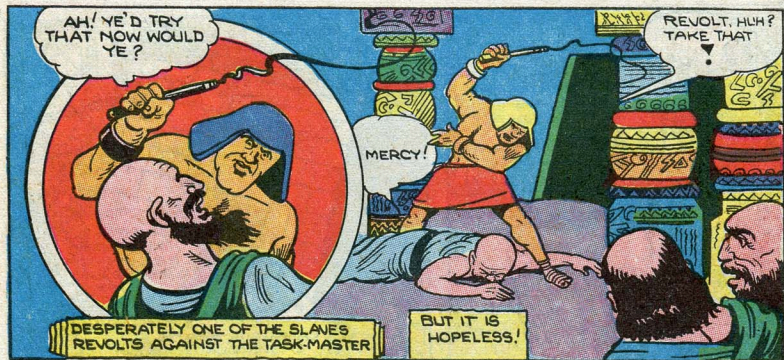


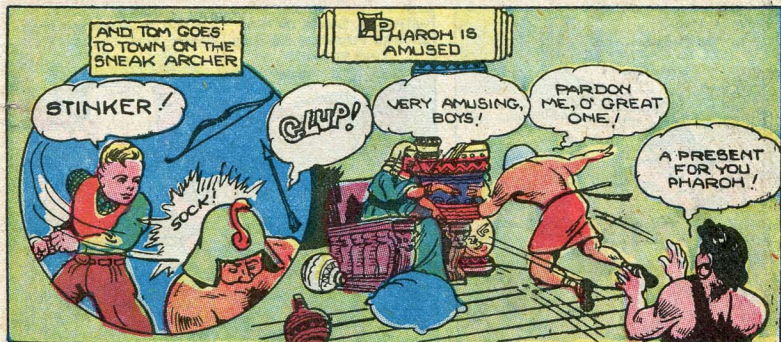
THE TWO BOYS GO THROUGH THE DOOR TO THE PAST INTO AN EGYPTIAN TAILOR SHOP

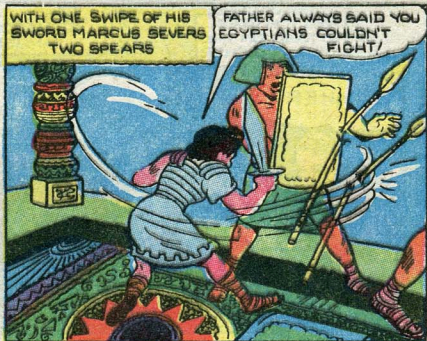
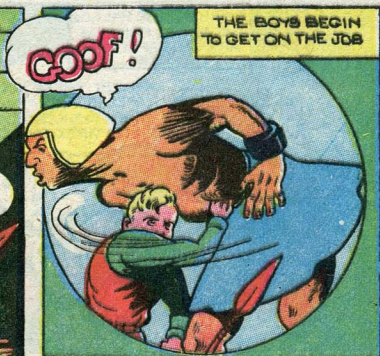
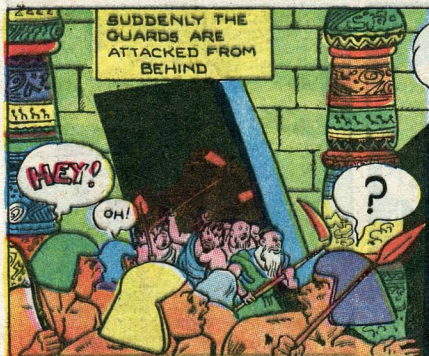




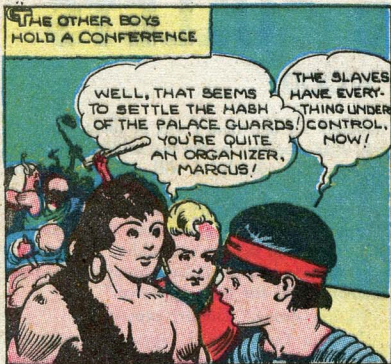








THE OTHER BOYS
HOLD A CONFERENCE



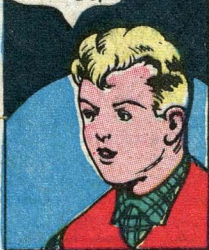
THEY DECIDE
TO INVESTIGATE



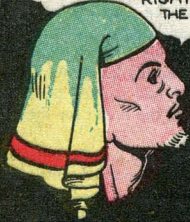
YOU AREN'T GOING TO GET AWAY WITH THIS LITTLE JOKE! IT WAS QUITE AMUSING AT FIRST, BUT NOW I'M BORED! THE OUTSIDE GUARDS WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!



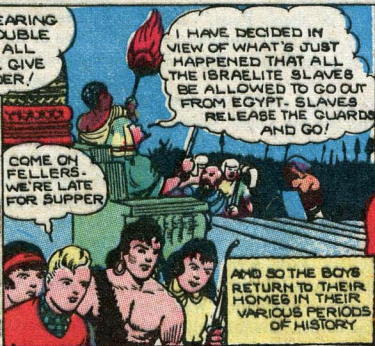
THE OUTSIDE GUARDS ARE IN THE HANDS OF THE SLAVES! THEY WON'T DO ANYTHING TO YOU IF YOU WILL JUST LET THEM GO!



I'M SICK AND TIRED OF HEARING THAT! THEY'RE MORE TROUBLE THAN THEY'RE WORTH! ALL RIGHT, I'LL GIVE THE ORDER!



COME ON FELLERS. WE'RE LATE FOR SUPPER



MORE OF
TOM MORGAN
NEXT MONTH
IN
**HEADLINE
COMICS**

AND SO THE BOYS RETURN TO THEIR HOMES IN THEIR VARIOUS PERIODS OF HISTORY

BREAD AND BULLETS

By CREST WOOD

THE moon slipped behind a cloud and Dimitri Pappas inched forward across the snow beside his father. Ahead of them a dark mass loomed up against the skyline—the house that once had belonged to Nicholas Denopolis, the richest man in the mountains. Now it housed Colonel General Ludwig von Arndt of the Hermann Goering Regiment, whom the Greeks had named Bloody Ludwig.

Darker shadows slowly moved back and forward in front of the house. The moon peeped out from behind the clouds and Dimitri and his father stopped, hugging close to the cold snow, so that the sentries wouldn't see them. A moment later the moon was gone again and once more they resumed their snail-like crawling. Dimitri felt at his waist, his fingers touching the handle of the knife that his father had given him on his eighth birthday, just before the Nazis came two years ago.

Dimitri thought of the paunchy, cold-eyed General von Arndt sitting back of the curtained windows and greedily gulping down the food that his soldiers had taken from the people. The thought of all that food made Dimitri hungry. All they'd had for supper was a bowl of whey and some bread. Then he dismissed the idea of eating and thought only of the accursed Nazis ahead. Time enough to think of food when they were driven from Greece.

"There are three of them, Papa," Dimitri whispered when they were close enough to make out the dark shapes patrolling in front of the house.

Spyrous Pappas grunted softly and continued his silent approach. The big Luger, taken from a slain Nazi some time before, was gripped tightly in his right hand.

A minute later, they reached the corner of the yard.

They waited there, mere shadows against the snow. With monotonous regularity, the soldiers made their rounds, one reaching each corner of the house as the third passed the half-way mark. "Now," Spyrous grunted suddenly. "Wait here until I reach the far corner. Count slowly to one

hundred. By that time I will be there. Then we will strike together as the two soldiers reach the corners. But silently! I will take care of the third."

"Yes, Papa," Dimitri whispered back.

Spyrous hesitated a moment, then placed a rough hand on the boy's shoulder. "Be careful, son. Perhaps I shouldn't have brought you. Your mother would not have approved."

"I am strong," Dimitri protested.

Without further word, Spyrous slipped off. Dimitri waited in the snow, slowly counting under his breath. But there were other things in his mind. He remembered the strong, straight figures of the British soldiers as they slowly retreated through the village. He remembered their promise to be back, a promise which had given everyone in the village courage. He remembered, even more clearly, the time that General Arndt had taken hostages—among them his mother. When the villagers refused to give up their saboteurs, the hostages had been lined up and shot. Dimitri had cried long and bitterly, the morning his father carried home his mother's dead body. The following night he had joined his father in the silent raids on Nazi camps.

General Arndt had been recalled to Germany and for months Dimitri and his father thought that they would never get their revenge. But then suddenly, one day, the frozen-faced general had reappeared in the village and again assumed charge of the occupation army. Tonight was the first cloudy night since his arrival. As they had looked up and seen the clouds scudding across the sky, Dimitri had needed no word from his father to know that this was the night. He had gone in and picked up his knife. While he waited for his father, he had banked the fire under the open oven so that the bread for the next day would not burn.

The sentry reached the corner and started to turn just as Dimitri counted one hundred. Dimitri rose to his feet and sped silently across the snow. As the Nazi turned, Dimitri leaped on his back. His left arm encircled the soldier's neck, pressing hard against the windpipe, forcing

the head back. Legs wrapped around the soldier's waist, he clung like a young wildcat. The sharp edge of his knife found the soft, defenseless flesh of the throat and bit in hungrily. The two of them fell to the ground. When Dimitri got to his feet, the snow was stained red.

There was a dull thud from somewhere in front of him and Dimitri raced forward. He arrived in time to see his father bending over the second victim of the heavy Luger's deadly butt. "Now, we enter," his father said softly.

Dimitri could see the fierce glow in his eyes and knew that he, too, had been thinking of the woman who had faced General von Arndt's firing squad.

His father silently turned the knob and they stepped into the warm house. They stood there in the hall for a moment to accustom their eyes to the light. Then, on silent feet, they moved down the hallway and stepped into the room where General von Arndt sat. The general, a napkin tucked beneath his chin, gnawed on a chicken bone and didn't look up.

"Hans?" he said questioningly, reaching for another piece of chicken.

When there was no answer, the general looked up, an expression of annoyance on his face. The annoyance changed to anger as he saw the man and boy.

"Get out!" he snapped. "I'll horsewhip that Hans for letting you in! What do you want?"

"We want to give you this," the old Greek said, "from Greece—and Katrina!" Spyrous lifted the big gun, pulled the trigger. The bullet caught the general just where the napkin draped over his chest. Von Arndt lurched to his feet, one hand sweeping the plate of chicken bones to the floor. He stood there for an uncertain minute, then toppled to the floor.

"Come, Dimitri," Spyrous Pappas said heavily. "We must hurry!"

Dimitri looked hungrily at the chicken on the table, then turned and followed his father from the house. Swiftly they raced across the snow-covered yard, past the three dead sentries, and sped over the fields toward the village. Back of them they could hear the shouts of soldiers aroused by the shot.

Panting, they entered their tiny house on the edge of the mountain village. Spyrous opened a wooden chest against the wall and threw the Luger in among some clothes that had belonged

to his dead wife. Then he walked over and stared out the window. Dimitri cleaned his knife in the basin in the corner of the room and went to the oven. Once he crossed the room, while his father's back was still turned, then went back to building the fire.

"Smart boy," his father said, glancing around. "The soldiers will probably search the village, and it is good to look busy when they come."

Dimitri slipped the bread into the oven.

Within a few minutes, they heard boots pounding and fists beating upon doors as the soldiers started their search. There was a rap on their own door and it was flung open before they could answer. A young, hard-faced lieutenant entered, a drawn Luger in his hand.

"Greek swine," he snapped. "Stand against the wall!"

Dimitri and his father obeyed as the lieutenant began searching the room. Spyrous Pappas sucked in his breath when the Nazi lifted the lid of the chest. A moment later he had to stifle an exclamation of surprise. The German had pawed through the chest without finding the Luger!

"Where have you hidden the gun?" the lieutenant demanded harshly. He crossed the room and faced them menacingly, his broad back to the open oven.

Before Spyrous could answer, there was a terrific explosion from the stove. The lieutenant staggered forward, his face twisted in pain. Then he crumpled to the floor, and Spyrous saw the hole in his back and the crimson stain on the uniform. But he still did not understand. He looked at his son in bewilderment.

"The Luger," Dimitri explained hurriedly. "I put it inside the loaf of bread and the heat made it explode!"

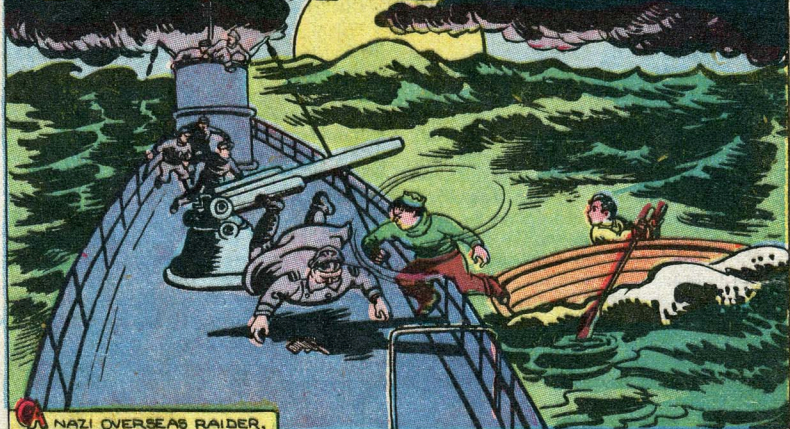
"But—"

"The soldiers!" Dimitri cried. "They must have heard the shot and will be here any minute! We must run out the back way before they get here! Then let us join the guerrillas! It's better we should help our friends to drive out the invaders!"

Spyrous stopped only to pluck the revolver from the hand of the dead lieutenant, then ran through the back door after his son. As they raced through the hills, Spyrous lifted his eyes to the sky.

"Don't worry, Katrina," he whispered. "Our Dimitri is a true son of Greece."

LITTLE JOHNNY DOOLITTLE



A NAZI OVERSEAS RAIDER, SCOURGE OF THE SEVEN SEAS, LURKS IN WAIT IN COASTAL WATERS OUTSIDE OF A GREAT AMERICAN CITY TO PREY ON VITAL SUPPLIES GOING TO OUR FIGHTING ALLIES. BUT THE RATTLESNAKE OF THE SEAS IS DOOMED TO DESTRUCTION AND A NEFARIOUS ENEMY SCHEME IS QUICKLY FOILED WHEN JOHNNY DOOLITTLE, BRILLIANT BOY DETECTIVE, AND HIS BIG MUSCULAR FRIEND, LOYAL LUMPY MORAN GET HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A STRANGE MURDER - IN THE CASE OF THE STOLEN PASTE DIAMONDS!

ENEMY SUBMARINE WARFARE IS EXACTING A HEAVY TOLL OF OUR AMERICAN MERCHANT SHIPPING! LAST NIGHT ANOTHER AMERICAN SHIP WAS TORPEDOED BY A NAZI U-BOAT!



ONE MORNING AT THE DOOLITTLE HOME, JOHNNY'S FATHER LISTENS TO THE RADIO

SOMETHING WILL HAVE TO BE DONE ABOUT THESE SUBMARINE SINKINGS-- WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR WAR SUPPLIES ACROSS!



HURRY, JOHNNY-- OR YOU WILL BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

YES MAMA!

AS JOHNNY MEETS HIS FRIEND LUMPY

GEE- LOOK AT THOSE COPS IN FRONT OF THE JEWELER STORE! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

LET'S GO AND FIND OUT

THE JEWELER WAS MURDERED IN HIS STORE LAST NIGHT, JOHNNY! BUT WE CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT- THE KILLER STOLE A BATCH OF PASTE DIAMONDS AND DIDN'T TOUCH ANY OF THE REAL DIAMONDS!

OFFICER MULLIGAN SAW THE KILLER AT 5 O'CLOCK THIS MORNING- BUT BEFORE HE COULD BREAK INTO THE STORE, THE KILLER ESCAPED THROUGH A BACK DOOR AND GOT AWAY!

THE JEWELER HAS BEEN DEAD FOR SIX HOURS, SARGE. KILLED AT ABOUT THREE A.M.- TWO HOURS BEFORE HE WAS SEEN BY OFFICER MULLIGAN.

THAT MEANS THE KILLER HUNG AROUND THE STORE FOR TWO HOURS AFTER HE COMMITTED THE MURDER!

COME ON, LUMPY-- WE MUSTN'T BE LATE FOR SCHOOL!

THE CORONER REPORTS

BUT WHY DID THE KILLER TAKE FAKE DIAMONDS 'STEAD O' REAL ONES, JOHNNY? AND WHY DID HE HANG AROUND THE STORE SO LONG AFTER THE MURDER? AND WHAT WAS THE JEWELER DOIN' THERE SO LATE ANYWAY?

SEARCH ME, LUMPY- I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE KILLER WAS AFTER SOMETHING MORE VALUABLE THAN DIAMONDS AND WE'RE GOING BACK TO-NIGHT TO FIND OUT WHAT IT WAS!

WHATEVER YOU SAY, JOHNNY-- YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

AT HOME AGAIN AFTER SCHOOL, JOHNNY'S IDEA IS RIDICULED BY HIS FATHER

SO YOU THINK THE MURDERER WASN'T AFTER THE DIAMONDS AT ALL! CERTAINLY YOU DON'T EXPECT THE POLICE TO BELIEVE SUCH A SILLY IDEA!

IN THAT CASE LUMPY AND I WILL HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THE MATTER OURSELVES! COME ON, LUMPY!

THAT NIGHT IN
AN ALLEY BACK
OF THE JEWELRY
STORE -

I THINK WE'D BETTER
PROCEED WITHOUT ATTRACT-
ING HIS ATTENTION! LET'S
GO THROUGH THIS
WINDOW HERE!

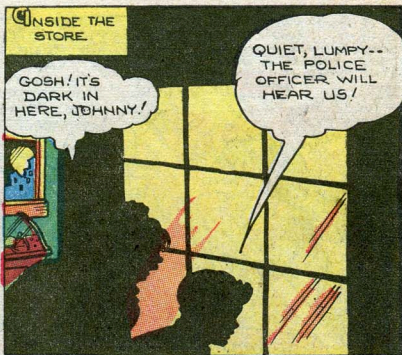
THERE'S A
COP IN FRONT
OF THE JEWELRY
STORE, JOHNNY!



INSIDE THE
STORE.

GOSH! IT'S
DARK IN
HERE, JOHNNY!

QUIET, LUMPY--
THE POLICE
OFFICER WILL
HEAR US!



AS THE BOYS CONTINUE
THEIR SEARCH

LOOK,
JOHNNY--
THE WALL IS
SLIDING OPEN!

I HAVEN'T
FOUND ANY-
THING YET!



ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
PANEL ---

A SECRET
PANEL! LET'S
GO, LUMPY!

JUST AS
I THOUGHT--
A MACHINE
SHOP!

LOOKIT
THAT FUNNY
BULB,
JOHNNY!

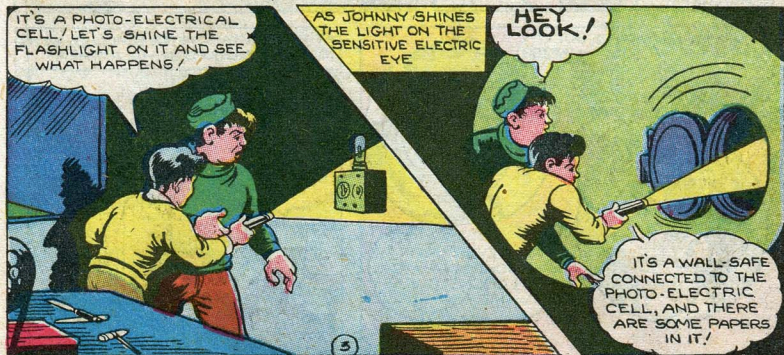


IT'S A PHOTO-ELECTRICAL
CELL! LET'S SHINE THE
FLASHLIGHT ON IT AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS!

AS JOHNNY SHINES
THE LIGHT ON THE
SENSITIVE ELECTRIC
EYE

HEY
LOOK!

IT'S A WALL-SAFE
CONNECTED TO THE
PHOTO-ELECTRIC
CELL, AND THERE
ARE SOME PAPERS
IN IT!



THESE ARE THE PLANS FOR A BRAND NEW SECRET MAGNETIC DEVICE TO EXPLODE TORPEDOES IN THE WATER BEFORE THEY CAN STRIKE A SHIP! THE JEWELER INVENTED IT, LUMPY! THAT'S WHY HE WAS HERE SO LATE TO-NIGHT!

THIS INVENTION CAN PUT AN END TO ENEMY SUB-MARINE WARFARE, LUMPY! THE NAZI WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO GET HOLD OF IT!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT--

JOHNNY LOOKS OVER THE PAPERS

I WAS RIGHT, LUMPY. THE KILLER WASN'T AFTER DIAMONDS / HE DIDN'T KNOW FAKE FROM REAL! HE GRABBED THE FIRST GEMS HE SAW TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A REAL ROBBERY! THESE PLANS ARE WHAT HE WAS AFTER!

HANDS UP!

YES, MY YOUNG FRIEND- THESE PLANS ARE WHAT I WAS AFTER! AND NOW THE NAZI GOVERNMENT WILL GET THEM! HEIL HITLER!

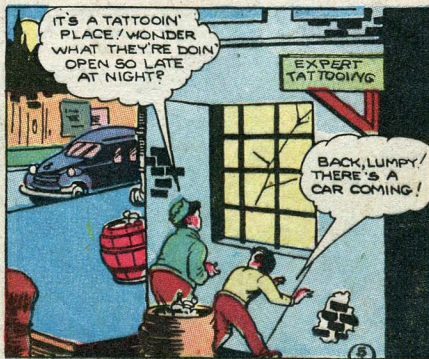
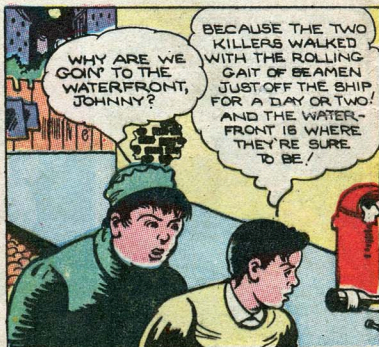
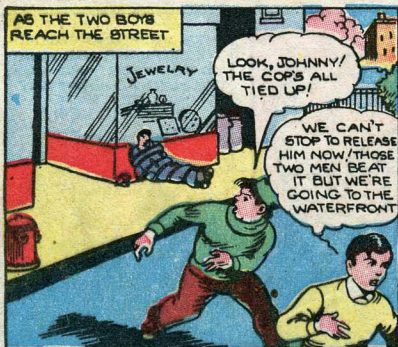
THE KILLER!

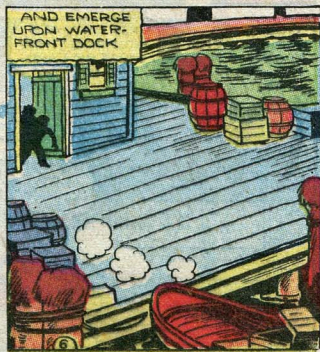
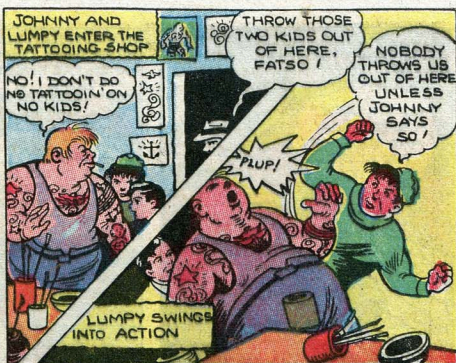
POOF!

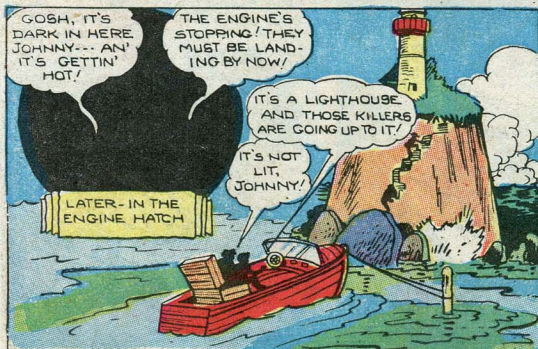
DON'T GO SNATCHIN' PAPERS OUTA MY FRIEND JOHNNY'S HAND!

BUT ANOTHER NAZI THUG ENTERS!

GET HIM HERMAN!







LUMPY WADES INTO THE ARMED GUARDS

CAN'T YA SEE WE'RE IN A HURRY?

HANDS UP, OR I SHOOT!

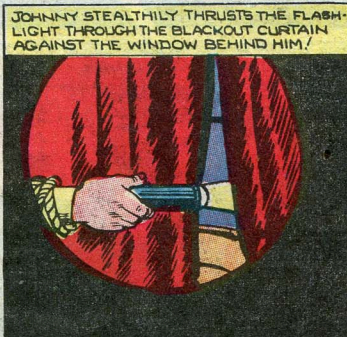
BUT THE BOYS ARE COMPELLED TO YIELD TO SUPERIOR FORCE

TAKE 'EM INSIDE!

SO YOU FOLLOWED US HERE! BUT IT WILL BE NO USE! IN A FEW MINUTES ONE OF OUR SUBMARINES WILL ARRIVE HERE TO TAKE US OFF AND THE PLANS WILL BE OFF TO GERMANY!

TIE 'EM UP BOYS!

INSIDE THE LIGHTHOUSE



A MINUTE LATER THE NAZI U-BOAT SURFACES



GOOT WORK! WE'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN A MINUTE NOW!

THE U-BOAT CAPTAIN ENTERS



THE HARBOR POLICE
AND U.S. NAVY
ARRIVE !

HANDS UP
EVERYBODY!

HIMMEL!
AMERICANS!

FINE WORK, BOYS!
WE GOT THE FLASH-
LIGHT MESSAGE
FOR HELP THAT YOU
SIGNALLLED IN MORSE
CODE FROM THE
WINDOW!

BUT LOOK, SIR-
THE NAZI SUB
IS SUBMERGING!
IT'S GETTING
AWAY!

ABOARD THE
COAST GUARD
CUTTER

DON'T WORRY, SON-
THERE'S A COAST
GUARD CUTTER OUT
THERE IN THE
HARBOR

DEPTH
CHARGE
READY,
SIR!

FIRE!

THE HEAVY DEPTH CHARGE SAILS
UNERRINGLY TOWARD ITS MARK

BANG!

THAT'S THE
END OF THE
NAZI SUB,
SIR!

AND THE END
OF THE NAZI
SCHEME TO GET
HOLD OF THE
INVENTION.
THANKS TO
YOU BOYS!

JOHNNY'S KEEN
BRAIN AND
LUMPY'S BRAWN
HAVE SAVED
THE DAY AGAIN!

FURTHER ADVENTU-
RES IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
OF

**HEADLINE
COMICS**

9

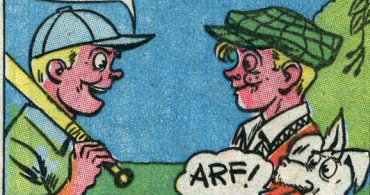
**BUY MORE U.S. WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
AND LICK THE OTHER SIDE!**

HAPPY and SCRAPPY

By KEN
BROWNE



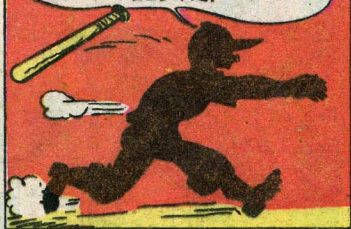
HELLO HAPPY - I'M MEETING
THE GUYS OVER IN THE BALL
FIELD -- WANT TO COME ALONG
AND PITCH A GAME? WE'LL
HAVE SCRAPPY PLAY CENTER
FIELD!



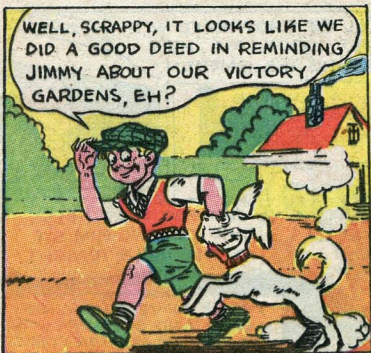
NO THANKS JIMMY, SCRAPPY AND
I HAVE TO GO HOME AND WORK
IN OUR VICTORY GARDEN!



GOSH! AM I DUMB? I WAS
FORGETTING ALL ABOUT MY PEAS
AND TURNIPS! I'M HEADING
RIGHT BACK HOME, AND DO
SOME WEEDING!



WELL, SCRAPPY, IT LOOKS LIKE WE
DID A GOOD DEED IN REMINDING
JIMMY ABOUT OUR VICTORY
GARDENS, EH?

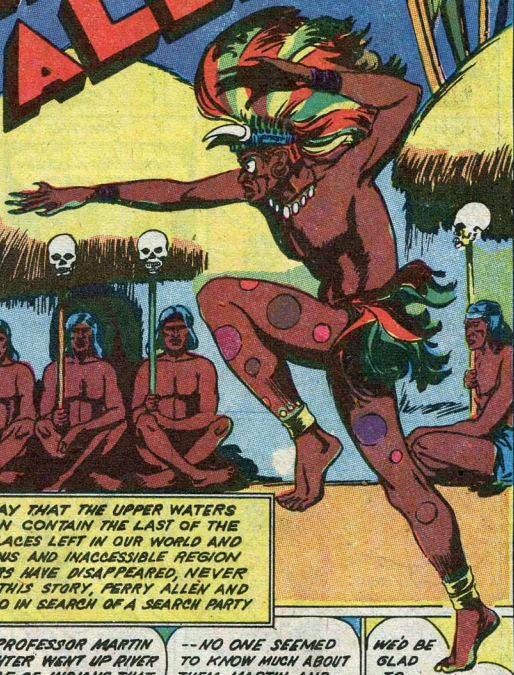


WHEN IT COMES TIME TO DIG THE
POTATOES YOU CAN HELP SCRAPPY, BUT
FOR NOW --- THERE'S HOEING TO BE
DONE, SO YOU'LL HAVE TO BE
SATISFIED JUST BEING A
SPECTATOR!





PERRY ALLEN



SCIENTISTS SAY THAT THE UPPER WATERS OF THE AMAZON CONTAIN THE LAST OF THE UNEXPLORED PLACES LEFT IN OUR WORLD AND IN THIS MYSTERIOUS AND INACCESSIBLE REGION MANY EXPLORERS HAVE DISAPPEARED, NEVER TO RETURN-- IN THIS STORY, PERRY ALLEN AND TOM POWERS GO IN SEARCH OF A SEARCH PARTY

IN BUENOS AIRES, A BRAZILIAN COAST TOWN, PERRY AND TOM TALK TO AN AMERICAN AGENT

A YEAR AGO, PROFESSOR MARTIN AND HIS DAUGHTER WENT UP RIVER TO FIND A TRIBE OF INDIANS THAT HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN BY A WHITE MAN. THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS OF THIS TRIBE, BUT---

--NO ONE SEEMED TO KNOW MUCH ABOUT THEM. MARTIN AND HIS DAUGHTER NEVER RETURNED! WE SENT A PARTY TO FIND THEM AND THE LAST WE HEARD FROM THEM WAS TWO MONTHS AGO BY THEIR SHORT WAVE. THEY FOUND THE TRIBE AND WERE IN DIFFICULTIES ---AND THEN THE MESSAGE BROKE OFF!

WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP, SIR. WHAT DO YOU SAY, PERRY?

WHEN DO WE START?



ALMOST EVERY PORT HAS A CHINATOWN--

THIS IS THE BEST PLACE TO SHOP FOR OUR EQUIPMENT

BUT CAN WE GET AMMUNITION HERE?

I'M SURE THE SENOR WILL FIND THESE CARTRIDGES THE VERY BEST!

O.K! THE PRICE IS ALL RIGHT.

??

OUTSIDE THE SHOP----

DID YOU SEE WHAT I SAW?

YES! HE'S A JAP! WONDER WHAT HE'S DOING IN CHINA TOWN.

ON THE WAY BACK TO THEIR HOTEL

HERE THEY COME! STRIKE DEEP!

SUDDENLY THEY ARE AMBUSHED!

A-I-E-E-E!

HOLD IT, PAL!

WHY HELLO!

UG!

I DON'T THINK I'VE HAD THE PLEASURE BEFORE!

PLUFF!

OVER WE GO

THE NEXT DAY PERRY AND TOM BEGIN THEIR JOURNEY UP-RIVER

WE CERTAINLY HAD A TIME GETTING THIS BOAT!

I HAVE AN IDEA THAT SOME PEOPLE DON'T WANT US TO GO!

ANOTHER THING! I DIDN'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THE CAPTAIN A BIT!

WHAT D'YA SUPPOSE IT ALL MEANS?

I'M SORRY, SENORS. I'VE THINGS TO ATTEND TO

ONE EVENING AT DINNER MANY MILES UP-RIVER

SENORS, I MUST ADVISE YOU THAT THE PART OF THE COUNTRY YOU ARE GOING TO IS VERY DANGEROUS!

YOU DON'T SEEM TO WANT US TO GO: REMEMBER WE'VE PAID YOU IN ADVANCE

TOM THAT COFFEE TASTED FUNNY TO ME

I DIDN'T DRINK MINE. I DUMPED IT!

PUT THE AMERICANOS ASHORE THEY CAN WALK HOME

LATE THAT NIGHT TWO UNCONSCIOUS FORMS ARE CARRIED ASHORE---

WHERE AM I?

WAKE UP PAL! I HAD TO LET THEM PUT US OFF THE BOAT OR WE'D BE DEAD TURKEYS. I THREW OUR STUFF OFF. IT'S ABOUT A MILE DOWN STREAM.

ONE OF THE DECK HANDS DIVED OVERBOARD WITH OUR STUFF. HE'S WILLING TO ACT AS GUIDE

GEE I FEEL SHAKY!

AS DAWN BREAKS THEY FIND THEIR
NEW GUIDE AND EQUIPMENT

I HOPE YOU KNOW
THE WAY! HOW FAR
IS IT FROM HERE?

NOT FAR, SENOR,
AND I KNOW THE
WAY. THIS IS MY
COUNTRY!



AS THE HEAT OF DAY ADVANCES THE DISTANT
THROB OF TOM TOMS IS HEARD!

WHAT ARE
THOSE ---
DRUMS?

THEY ARE
MESSAGES --
WHO KNOWS
WHAT THEY SAY?

I DON'T LIKE
THE WAY
THINGS
LOOK!



SUDDENLY THEY COME ON A GRISLY SIGHT!

GREAT GUNS!
WHAT'S THAT?

UNWELCOME VISITORS
PERHAPS -- WHO CAN TELL?

THUD!



THEY CAN'T HAVE
BEEN GONE LONG.
LOOK AT THE FIRE!

HEY, WHERE
DID OUR
FRIEND GO?



LOOKS
LIKE A
TRAP!

TRAP IS
RIGHT! LOOK
BEHIND YOU!



AGAIN PERRY AND TOM ARE THE VICTIMS OF TREACHERY

I'LL SHOOT SOME OF 'EM
BEFORE THEY GET US!

DON'T MOVE, STRANGERS!



BUT TOM'S GUN MISSES FIRE

THAT JAP SOLD US
DUD CARTRIDGES



THE INDIANS BIND THEIR ARMS----

---- AND LEAD THEM OFF THROUGH THE JUNGLE!

WELL, ANYWAY, MAYBE THEY'LL
TAKE US TO THE PROFESSOR!

IF HE'S
ALIVE!



THIS IS IT,
PAL

WELL, IT'S BEEN
NICE KNOWING
YOU



THEY ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE CHIEF--

I HOPE YOU
CAN UNDERSTAND
HIS LINGO, TOM!

I CAN UNDERSTAND
WHAT HE SAYS BUT
NOT WHAT HE MEANS

UNINVITED
GUESTS ARE
EATEN BUT
NOT BY
US!



THEY FORGOT TO TAKE
MY KNIFE! I HAVE AN IDEA!
DO JUST AS I SAY!

O.K!

I CAN'T REACH
MY OWN
BONDS, SO
RUN LIKE
EVERYTHING
AND COME
BACK
LATER



TOM DRAWS THE
KNIFE FROM ITS SHEATH

AS TOM CUTS HIS BONDS, PERRY RUNS AS INSTRUCTED



SEE
YOU
LATER

GET
HIM!

I DON'T LIKE LEAVING TOM
BUT MAYBE IT'S THE
BEST WAY!

YOU WILL SUFFER DOUBLY
FOR THIS! YOU SHALL
BE FED TO OUR LITTLE
FRIENDS IN THE RIVER!

YOU
ALARM
ME!



UNTIE HIM AND BRING HIM
TO THE RIVER. WE SHALL SHOW
HIM FIRST HOW OUR LITTLE
FRIENDS TREAT VISITORS

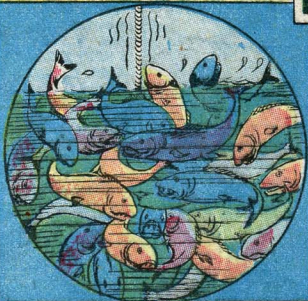
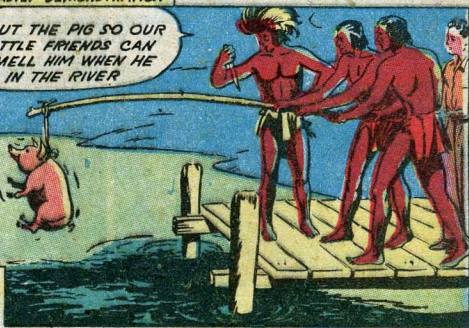
TOM WATCHES A
GHASTLY DEMONSTRATION



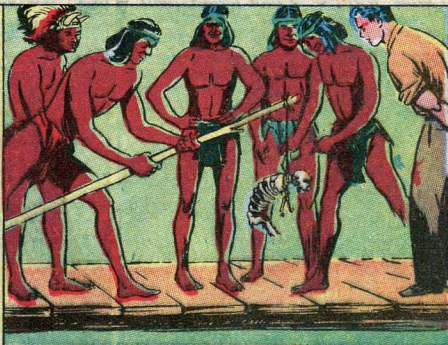
CUT THE PIG SO OUR
LITTLE FRIENDS CAN
SMELL HIM WHEN HE
IS IN THE RIVER



THE PIG IS LOWERED INTO THE WATER



THE DEADLY PIRHANA, THE TIGER FISH
OF THE UPPER AMAZON, THAT CAN SMELL
BLOOD FOR HALF A MILE AND WILL COME IN
SWARMS FOR IT. SMALL AS IT IS, IT WILL
PICK A MAN'S BONES CLEAN IN A MINUTE

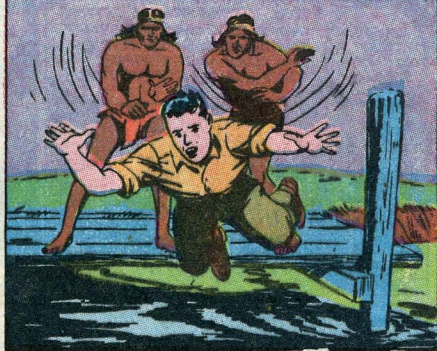


ONE MINUTE LATER!

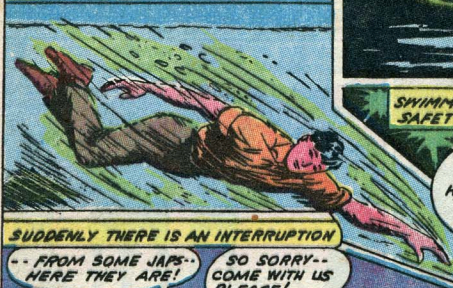
EVEN TOM'S NERVE IS SHAKEN



FOR AN INSTANT HE MOVES ABOVE A HORRIBLE DEATH



BUT MIRACULOUSLY THE PIRANHAS ARE NOT THERE!



SWIMMING UNDER WATER, TOM GAINS THE SAFETY OF THE BANK DOWN-STREAM!

GOSH! WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE FISH?

I THREW ANOTHER PIG IN UP THE RIVER AND THEY WENT AFTER IT. THERE'S YOUR GUN AND SOME SHELLS THAT I GOT FROM----

SUDDENLY THERE IS AN INTERRUPTION

-- FROM SOME JAPS-- HERE THEY ARE!

SO SORRY-- COME WITH US PLEASE!

SO I SEE



TOM IS AS FAST WITH A GUN AS HE IS DEADLY!

I'LL SAY YOU'RE SORRY



GOOD GOING, TOM!

PICK UP HIS RIFLE



PERRY AND TOM HOLD A CONFERENCE--



**TOM'S SHOOTING HAS THE JAPS SCARED--
-- FOR THE MOMENT!!**



BUT INSTEAD THEY ARE TAKEN ELSEWHERE



PERRY AND TOM FIND THE PROFESSOR AND HIS DAUGHTER UNHURT----



BE A HARD, TOUGH, COMMANDO SCRAPPER!

O.K. AMERICA!
Let's Get ROUGH,
and TOUGH,
HERE'S HOW!

Amazing New COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE Shows How, in a Few Short Weeks, Any Average Built Fellow Can Become a Rugged, Tough, "Hard-to-Lick" Scrapper! Helps Develop Nearly Every Muscle in Your Body—Quick!



Who says you have to be a six-foot bruiser to be a tough and tumble scrapper? That's a lot of bunk! If you've been afraid to tackle a big muscle-bound guy simply because you're smaller and not too husky—listen to this—here's good news.

With the sensational new 1943 **HERCULES COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE**, designed especially for fellows like yourself, you can pile into the biggest of 'em—and come out on top! Even if you're below average height and weight, it still doesn't make any difference. With the knowledge of strength and leverage you gain from this **COMBAT TRAINING**... covering tricks and feats of strength of judo, jiu-jitsu, boxing, wrestling and plain every-day rough and tumble fighting... men, even twice your size are fair game.

From the experience of our fighting men all over the world... in the jungles—forest—and in the mountains... rough and tumble hand to hand fighting becomes increasingly more important. That's why you shouldn't wait another day before finding out how the new **HERCULES COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** can help you. It's just what you need! It's up to date—no old-fashioned stuff! And it covers all types of fighting.

ACTUALLY 4 COURSES IN ONE!

The new **HERCULES COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** is just that—4 complete courses in one! Written in clear, easy to understand language. No complicated charts or instructions. A big speed camera photo describes in slow motion every action—over 150 full photos in all! Nothing like it has ever been done before.

In the 4 big courses you cover **OFFENSIVE FIGHTING**. This includes all phases of attack. How to approach your man. How to tempt him into position. How to set him up for a kayo from a prone or standing position. Quickest way to finish him off, etc., etc. Next,

you get **DEFENSIVE FIGHTING**. Includes all tactics of breaking death grips... parrying blows... disarming an opponent... using judo, jiu-jitsu or rough and tumble work. Then you cover a full course in **MUSCLE BUILDING AND TRAINING**. This section alone is the equivalent of any of the exercise courses sold today for as high as \$20. It gives you a complete workout from A to Z. Pays attention to every muscle in your body. Shows how to develop those muscles that have been neglected and how to utilize your new found strength. It gives you a training course that brings you along in graduated steps, just like boxers use. Lastly, you get **ADVANCED COMBAT TACTICS**. These are the special incidental tricks over and above the regular offensive and defensive fighting. For instance, do you know how to knock out a man with a newspaper? A simple trick... yet a deadly one. Or the famous tree trick... where you can tie up a man without even ropes. And you will be surprised at how simple and how fast you learn them.

SPECIAL FREE INTRODUCTORY OFFER

You'd better send for your **COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** today if you want to take advantage of the special big **FREE** introductory offer. If you act fast and send in the coupon today, you

will be sent, absolutely free, all the exercise equipment illustrated at the bottom of this page. This includes (1) a husky **CABLE EXERCISER** for arm, chest and shoulder development; (2) a **COMBINATION HEAD AND FOOT HARNESS** (adjustable) for strong neck, ankle and leg muscles; (3) **REGULATION SKIP ROPE**. And it's all free to you if you hurry—because when this equipment is gone, it's just too bad, for there's no more to be had. Priorities won't allow it to be manufactured for the duration.

SEND NO MONEY

The complete course costs but \$4.95... that's all. Send no money, merely the coupon below for your name and address on a postcard will do). The complete **HERCULES COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** will be sent out by return mail. When it arrives pay the postman only \$4.95 plus postal charges. (Outside the U. S. 50c extra cash with order.) Institute for Physical Development, Inc., Dept. J-38, 39 West 60th Street, New York, N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Institute for Physical Development, Inc.
 39 West 60th Street, Dept. J-38,
 New York, N. Y.

Please rush me the complete **HERCULES COMBAT AND MUSCLE BUILDING COURSE** by return mail. I will pay postman \$4.95 plus postal charges when package arrives. The free equipment as described is also to be included.

Name

Address

City State

(If under 16 order must be signed by parent or guardian.)

FREE!

The equipment illustrated below, including a husky **CABLE EXERCISER**, a **COMBINATION HEAD AND FOOT HARNESS** and **regulation SKIP ROPE**, will be given free for a limited time only.



SEND NO MONEY!

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT.
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

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Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS

UGLY
BLACKHEADS

USE
VACUTEX



THEY'RE
OUT!

RUSH
COUPON

Send No
MONEY

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/2"

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8209
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
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